MARVEL
newuniversal
SHOCKFRONT
2

PREVIOUSLY IN

newuniversal

THE WHITE EVENT: On March 2, 2006, the sky ignited in the most startling celestial phenomenon ever witnessed. In its wake, a handful of people ascended to the superhuman condition:

DETECTIVE JOHN TENSEN, shot in the head hours before the White Event, bears the JUSTICE glyph. Believing he is in hell, he has commenced a killing spree, cutting down those he judges as evil. The NYPD has assembled a taskforce to bring him in.

KENNETH CONNELL inadvertently killed his girlfriend when he gained the STARBRAND glyph. On the run from the law, he was confronted by a version of himself from the future, and has been in hiding for two weeks, barely grasping the extent of his abilities.

IZANAMI RANDALL can access the telepathic underspace called "the Superflow" via her NIGHTMASK glyph. She has taken in Ken Connell, and when a man teleported--causing her workplace to explode--she and Connell realized they were not the only ones with powers.

DR. JENNIFER SWANN works for the National Security Agency's Project Spitfire. She has constructed a mechanical enhancement suit designed to kill superhumans, under orders from her supervisor, Phil Voight. However, while constructing the HEXsuit, Dr. Swann has realized that she, herself, has unnatural powers.

The number of other superhumans is rising.

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Brandon Peterson

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Paul Acerios

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BREAKS

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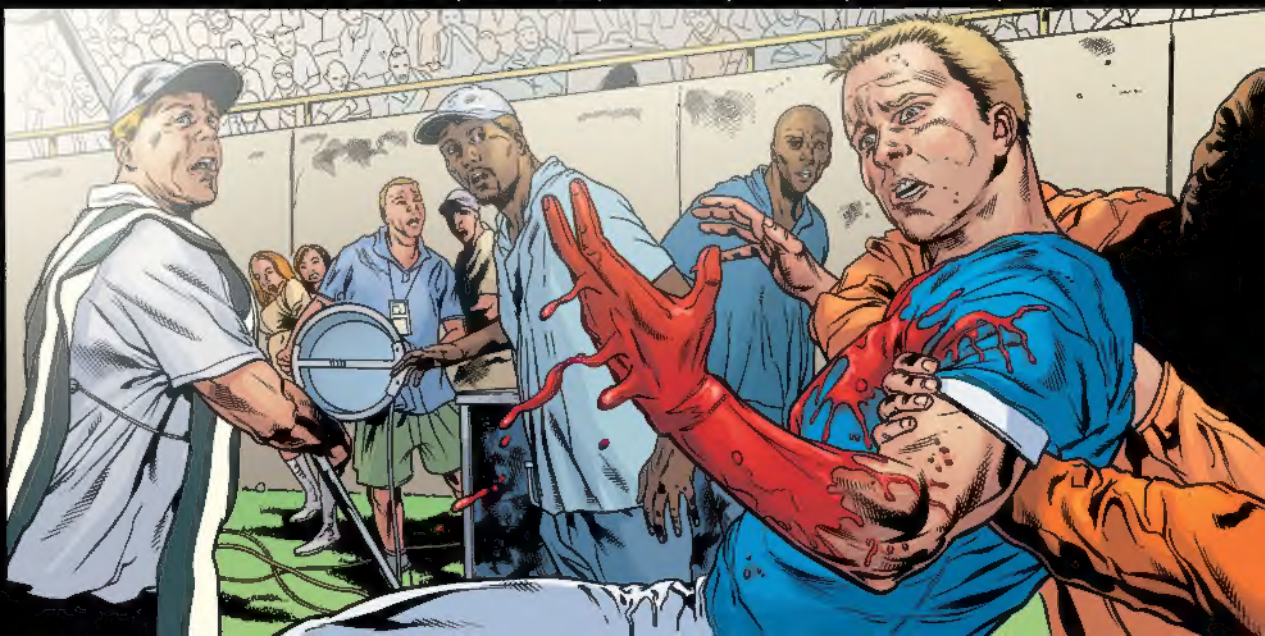
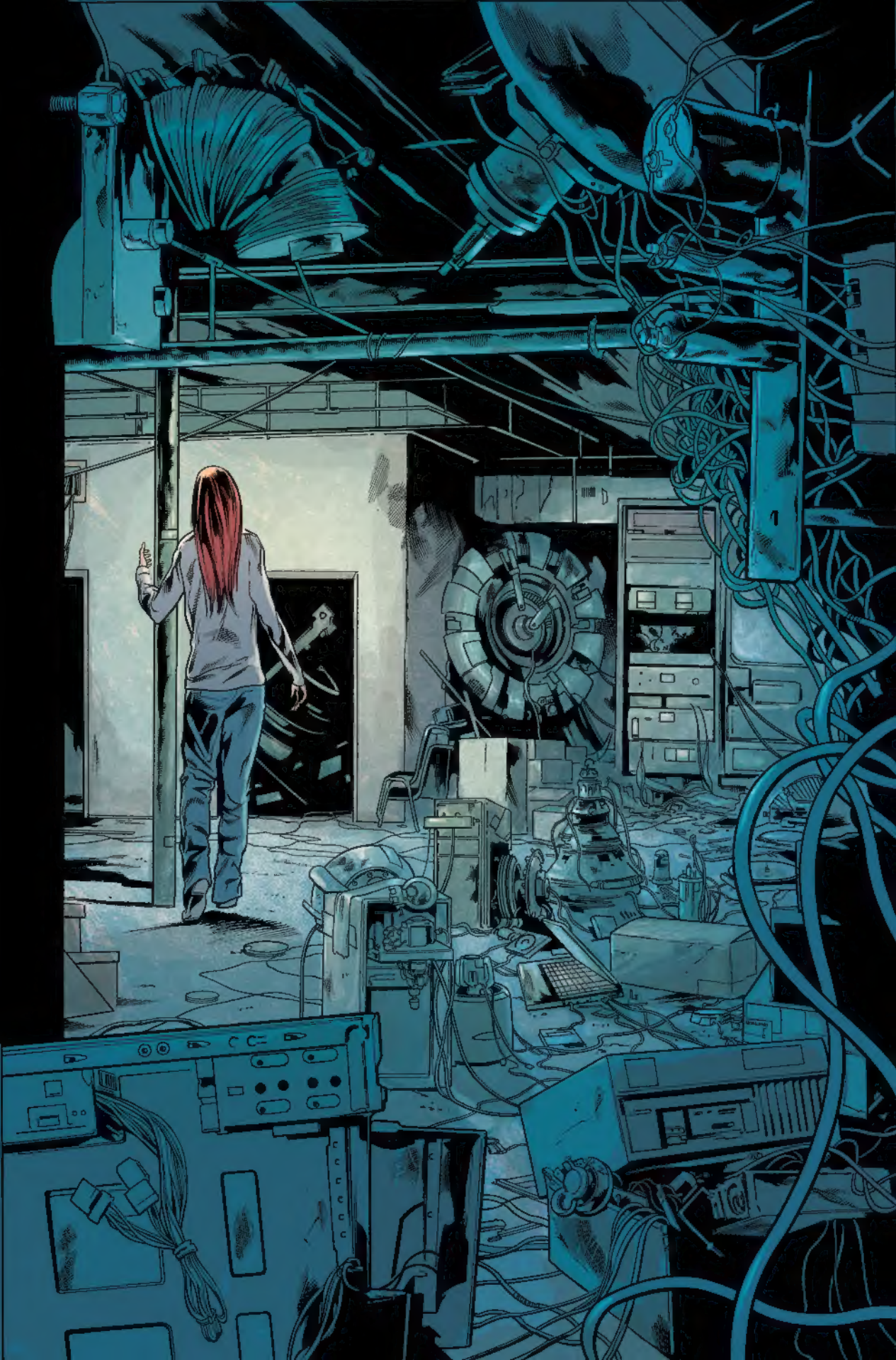
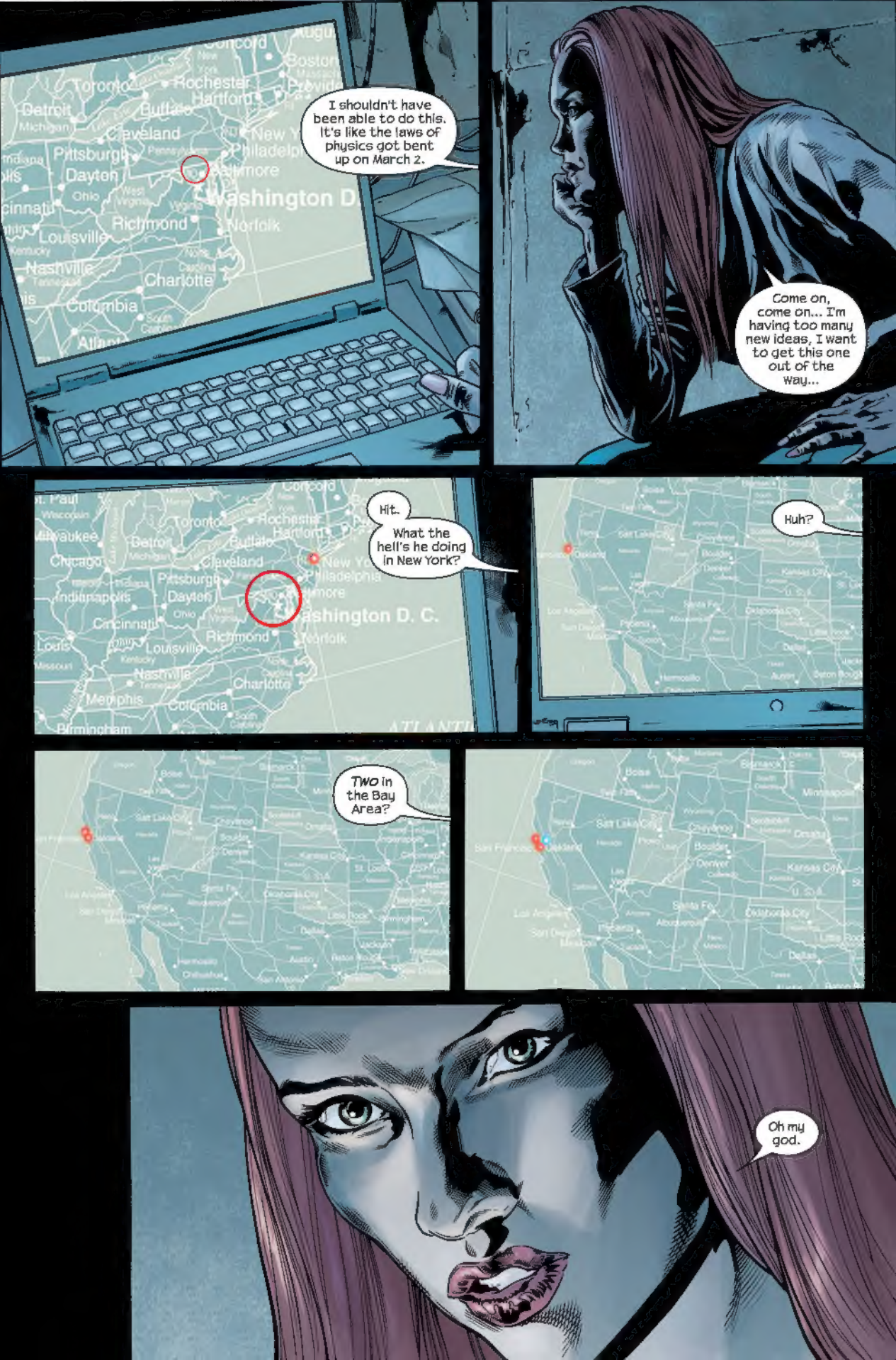
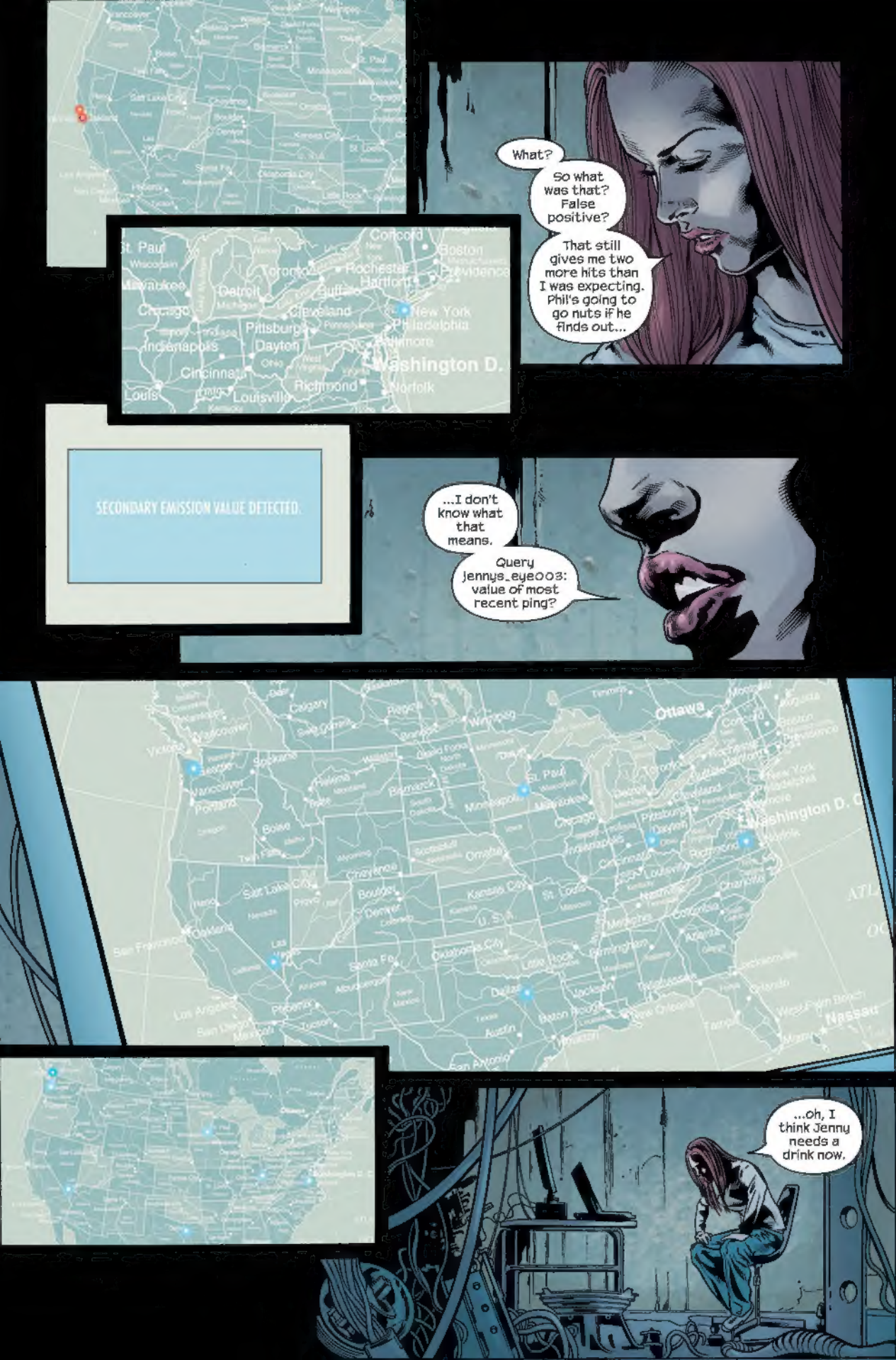


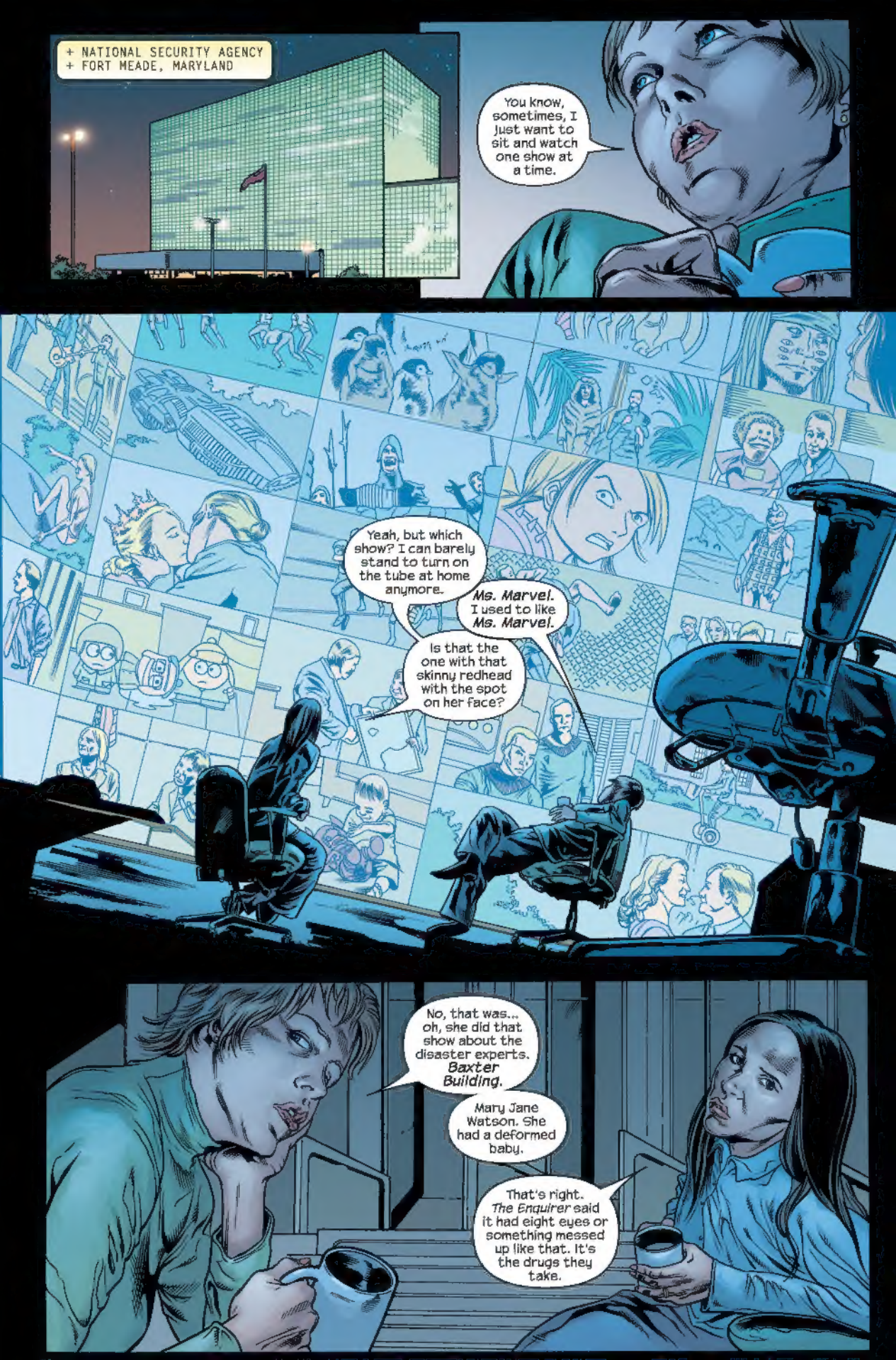
+ FORT MEADE, MARYLAND
...yeah, but it's slow going, Phil. I've made the breakthroughs, I think, but you're not going to get the HEXsuits fast.
I know, I know. It's just hard. I'm doing something very new, and...
...yeah. Listen, I'm home. See you tomorrow. Yeah. Bye.
Open sesame.
LIGHTING CIRCUIT ON. HEATING ON. NO MESSAGES.
Full lock. Compiler status?
JENNYS_EYE003 COMPILED AND READY. JENNYS_LIFTER012 COMPILED AND READY.
All right. Good.
Switch to record mode, full security, auto time/date stamps.
The last thing I need is for NSA to check out my home cooking.

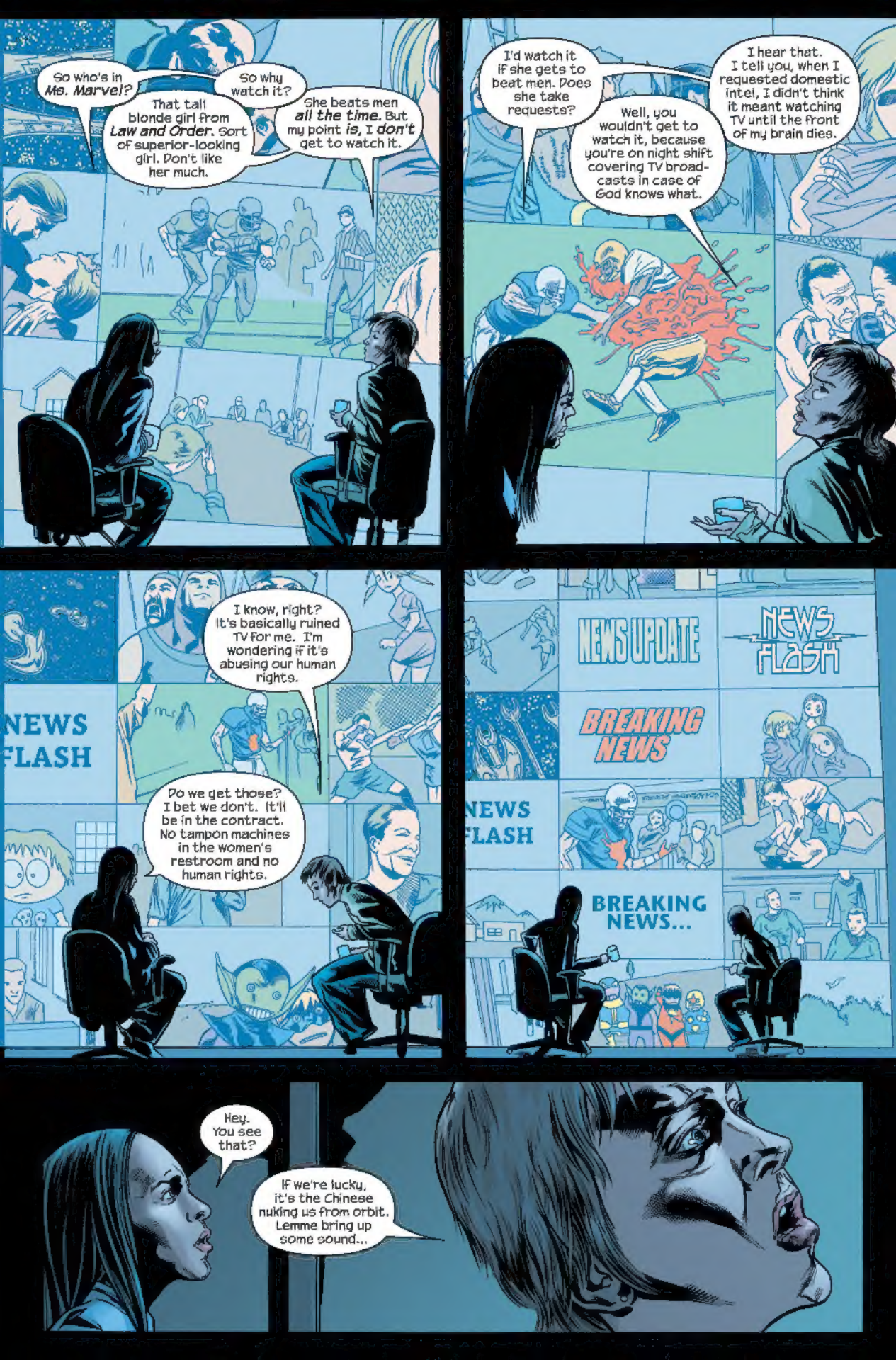


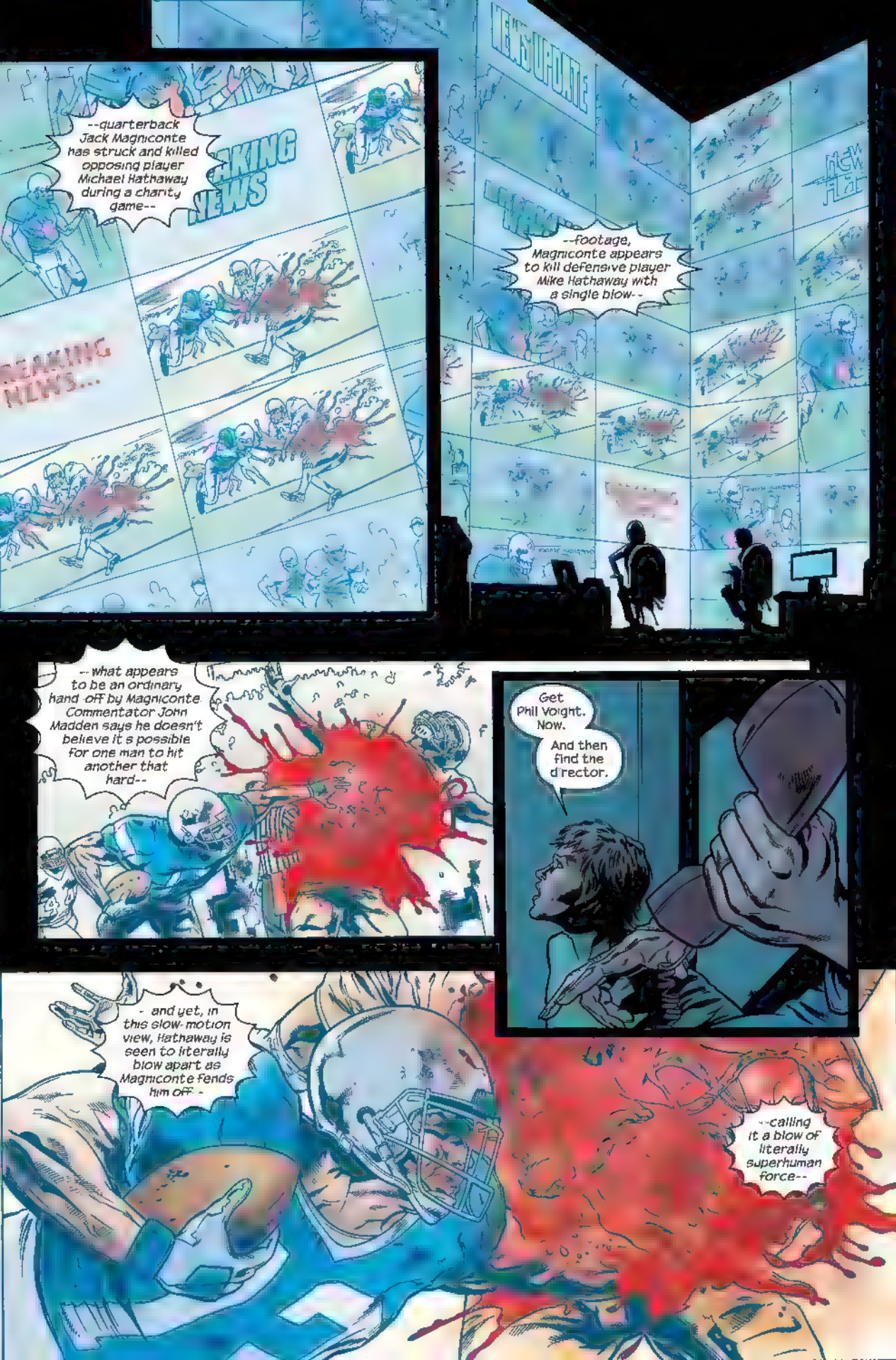
All right, then. Let's see what Jenny's eye can see.
Assuming that Ken Connell's mark is the same as mine, and emitting trace terahertz radiation...
...let's see if we can see him.
Run jennys_eye003.


I shouldn't have been able to do this. It's like the laws of physics got bent up on March 2.
Come on, come on... I'm having too many new ideas, I want to get this one out of the way...
Hit.
What the hell's he doing in New York?
Huh?
Two in the Bay Area?
Oh my god.

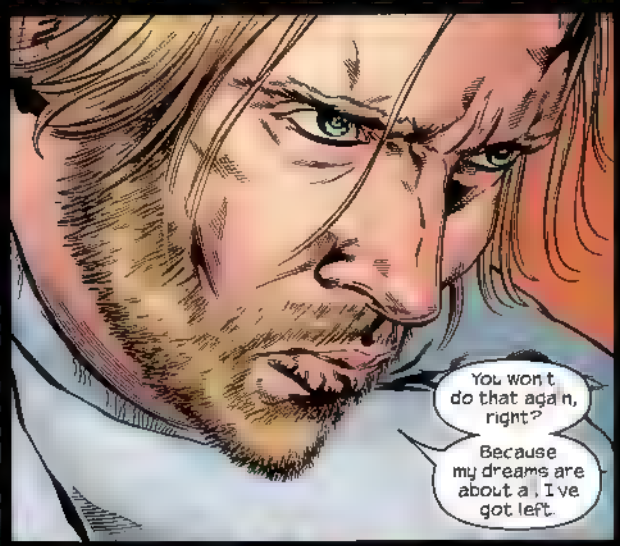

What?
So what was that? False positive?
That still gives me two more hits than I was expecting. Phil's going to go nuts if he finds out...
SECONDARY EMISSION VALUE DETECTED.
...I don't know what that means.
Query jennys_eye003: value of most recent ping?
...oh, I think Jenny needs a drink now.


+ NATIONAL SECURITY AGENCY
+ FORT MEADE, MARYLAND
You know, sometimes, I just want to sit and watch one show at a time.
Yeah, but which show? I can barely stand to turn on the tube at home anymore.
Ms. Marvel. I used to like Ms. Marvel.
Is that the one with that skinny redhead with the spot on her face?
No, that was... oh, she did that show about the disaster experts. Baxter Building.
Mary Jane Watson. She had a deformed baby.
That's right. The Enquirer said it had eight eyes or something messed up like that. It's the drugs they take.

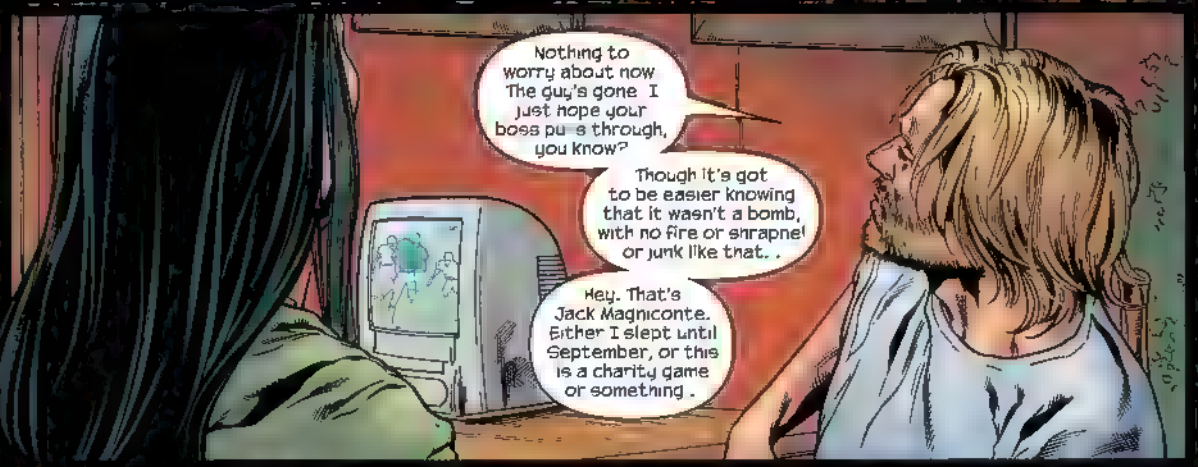

So who's in Ms. Marvel?
So why watch it?
That tall blonde girl from Law and Order. Sort of superior-looking girl. Don't like her much.
She beats men all the time. But my point is, I don't get to watch it.
I'd watch it if she gets to beat men. Does she take requests?
Well, you wouldn't get to watch it, because you're on night shift covering TV broadcasts in case of God knows what.
I hear that. I tell you, when I requested domestic intel, I didn't think it meant watching TV until the front of my brain dies.
I know, right? It's basically ruined TV for me. I'm wondering if it's abusing our human rights.
Do we get those? I bet we don't. It'll be in the contract. No tampon machines in the women's restroom and no human rights.
NEWS FLASH
NEWS UPDATE
NEWS FLASH
BREAKING NEWS
NEWS FLASH
BREAKING NEWS...
Hey. You see that?
If we're lucky, it's the Chinese nuking us from orbit. Lemme bring up some sound...

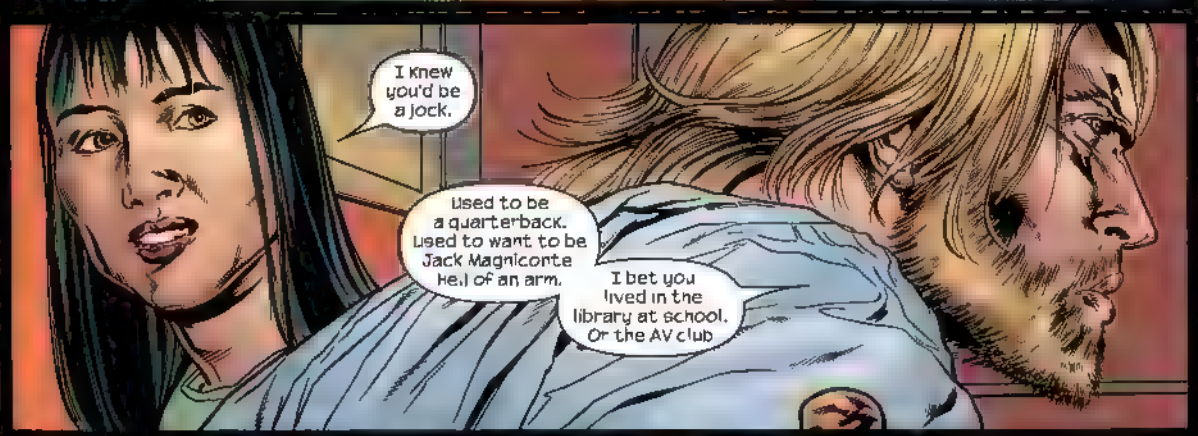

--quarterback Jack Magniconte has struck and killed opposing player Michael Hathaway during a charity game--
BREAKING NEWS
BREAKING NEWS...
--footage, Magniconte appears to kill defensive player Mike Hathaway with a single blow--
-- what appears to be an ordinary hand-off by Magniconte. Commentator John Madden says he doesn't believe it's possible for one man to hit another that hard--
Get Phil Voight. Now.
And then find the director.
-- and yet, in this slow-motion view, Hathaway is seen to literally blow apart as Magniconte fends him off. -
--calling it a blow of literally superhuman force--

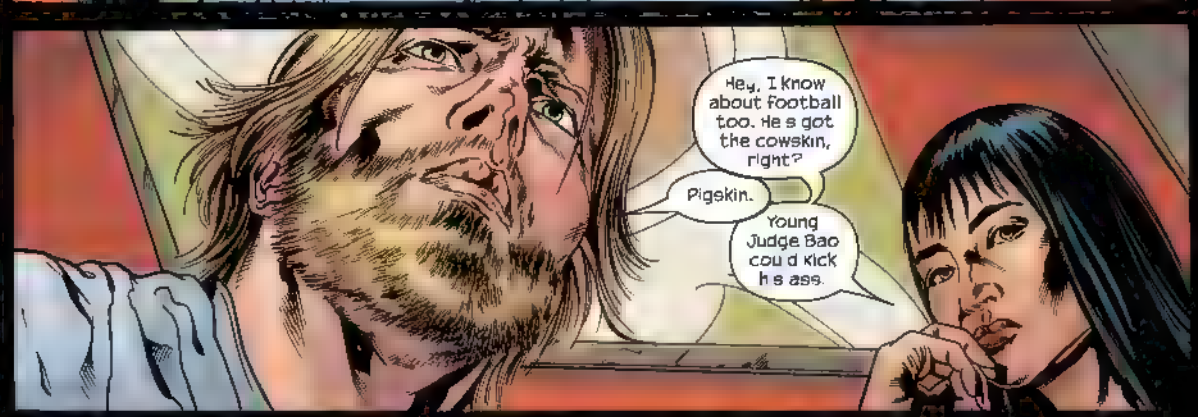
+ SAN FRANCISCO
So Izzy. You've been in my head.
Like I said. I needed to know you were going to be okay
I didn't read your mind or anything. I just watched your dreams for a while.
She was pretty. Your girl. Maddie.
Yeah. What else?
Well, unless your dreams are really whack, you met yourself. Yourself from the future.
And two people from other Earths. That really freaked Station out.
Because however crazy you think your life is, I'm the girl who talks to a robot space station from the other side of the universe.


You won't do that again, right?
Because my dreams are about all I've got left.

Yeah. Promise.
So. A guy who disappears so hard that everything around him gets blown up?
Because we didn't have enough to worry about, right?


Nothing to worry about now. The guy's gone. I just hope your boss pulls through, you know?
Though it's got to be easier knowing that it wasn't a bomb, with no fire or shrapnel or junk like that...
Hey. That's Jack Magniconte. Either I slept until September, or this is a charity game or something...


I knew you'd be a jock.
Used to be a quarterback. Used to want to be Jack Magniconte. Hell of an arm.
I bet you lived in the library at school. Or the AV club.

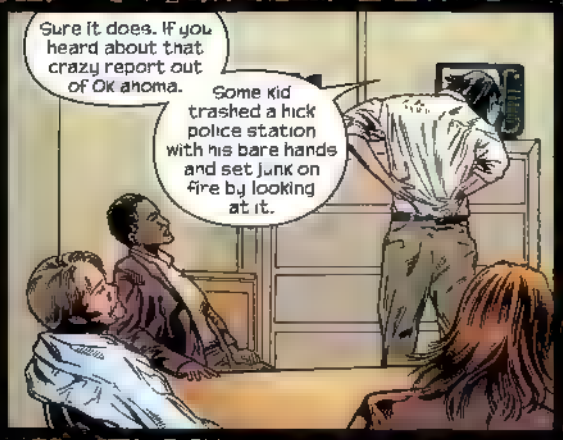

Hey, I know about football too. He's got the cowskin, right?
Pigskin.
Young Judge Bao could kick his ass.

...holy crap.
We're out of here. Now.
No, wait, but--
Now, Ken.
+ NATIONAL SECURITY AGENCY
+ FORT MEADE, MARYLAND
Use a specialist, Phil. You're needed here and also by the President. This is a risk
Sir, I understand what you're saying, and if you make it an order I will, of course, comply
But I need to show my people that I will not send them to do something I would not be prepared to do myself.

I had a boss like that, in 1954.
And I haven't slept through an entire night since.
Mr. Voight. I have the cover identification you requested, and your case.
Transfer chopper's waiting outside, and a plane to NYC is prepping at the airfield.
Thank you. So-- do I go?
..yes. Go.
But at the first hint of discovery or danger, you bail the hell out and I task a wet team. Clear?
Understood. Thank you. And don't worry
I've killed them before.

+ ONE POLICE PLAZA
+ NEW YORK CITY
What a bag o'turds. I had money on Magniconte. They scratched the game.
Big deal, Flint. You take that many steroids, sooner or later you're going to snap someone's neck just by flexing next to them.
I brought dinner.
You're a hero to the children, Jean.
You could look happier about it, Manolis
Smiling makes me wrinkle.
These have to be a glitch in the camera, right?
You saw the coroner's reports, Misty?
Yeah. Knife wounds, every single one of them.

But this makes no sense.


Sure it does. If you heard about that crazy report out of Oklahoma.
Some kid trashed a hick police station with his bare hands and set junk on fire by looking at it.

They tried hushing it up, but the grapevine had the whole thing.
I just lost three hundred because of this. Magniconte needs shooting

I heard about that, sure. But it's, you know, UFO country.
All it was missing was some farmer bitching about little green men sticking his cattle in a wood chipper.

And now we live in a world where teenagers blow up buildings and John Tensen thinks about killing people and hey presto they're magically stabbed to death.
Both of which started the day after the White Event. Makes you think.

Catching Tensen is going to get one or all of us killed. I'll put money on that right now

+ LAS VEGAS, NEVADA
+ CHARLOTTE BECK

So here's what I've worked out so far.

Nixon was elected president in 1960, and almost immediately screws up the Bay of Pigs, and then mishandles the Cuban Missile Crisis--

--a situation that's stopped only when a Russian missile misfires and detonates on its launcher, nuking a hole in Cuba and sending a fallout cloud along the Florida coast.

Khrushchev is unseated for this disastrous piece of Russian adventurism

--and everything in the Soviet Union turns to crap as the army suddenly realizes it's based around nuclear devices that don't work properly and could go off in their silos.

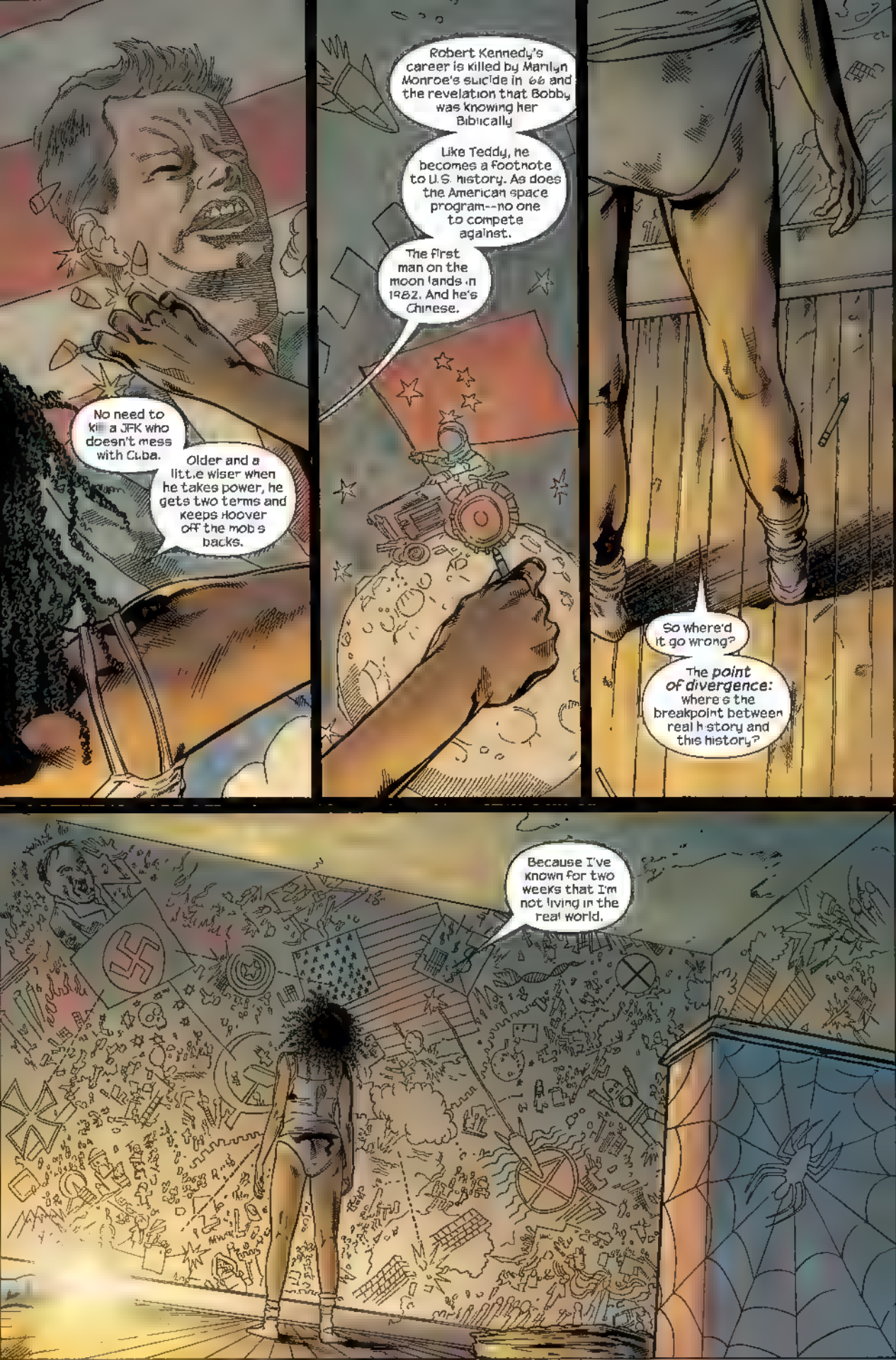
Riots in Germany take down the Berlin Wall, the eastern European countries revolt, and by the time JFK is elected in 1964, the world's in turmoil.

JFK pulls the troops out of 'Nam and America reverts to a pre-WW2 isolationist stance

With reduced borders, Russia does the same

Without the Russian relationship, China reverts to an even earlier isolationist stance, returning to that time in its past where even international sea travel was banned.

I mean, they don't go anywhere for ten years. They just build.


No need to kill a JFK who doesn't mess with Cuba.
Older and a little wiser when he takes power, he gets two terms and keeps Hoover off the mob's backs.
Robert Kennedy's career is killed by Marilyn Monroe's suicide in '66 and the revelation that Bobby was knowing her Biblically
Like Teddy, he becomes a footnote to U.S. history. As does the American space program--no one to compete against.
The first man on the moon lands in 1982. And he's Chinese.
So where'd it go wrong?
The *point of divergence:* where's the breakpoint between real history and this history?
Because I've known for two weeks that I'm not living in the real world.

Couldn't think of anywhere else to put him.
They're in the anteroom. They don't know what to do either. Madam Chairman, I don't know what to--
Well, what about the police?
Don't give me that Madam Chairwoman crap, Bill. This is just you and me. What was Magnicontè taking?
No player takes anything on my watch, Andrea.
He put his hand through Mike Hathaway's chest. You don't get that from sucking down goddamn *bran flakes* for breakfast.
I'm the coach. I'd know. I'm telling you. Jack's clean. Always has been.
Excuse me.
And what do you want?
Philip Chamberlain. NFL senior lawyer. I'm taking control at this point.
Oh, really.

That's right. I've spoken to the police, and now I'm going to speak to Jack Magniconte.
Look, don't worry. I'm here to fix this for everybody. Let me speak to Jack a moment, and then I'll brief you.
Everything's going to be fine.
Hello. My name's Chamberlain. Senior legal for the NFL. I'm here to make this go away.
I really killed him.
You really did.
I was just trying to fend him off. It was an accident. I don't know how I hit him that hard.
And you've taken no substances that might have dramatically increased your muscle mass or efficiency?
I don't even drink coffee. I get tested every week as an example for the rest of the team.
Well, that's commendable. So you've felt nothing strange over the last few weeks...?
Had a bit more speed than I expected during practice this week. But I lost a bit of weight. Off-season and all.
Where were you during the White Event?

Why?
Just making conversation. I don't want you this speechless when we have to talk this through with the police.
I was asleep. Slept through the whole thing. Me and the wife, we have early nights.
Well, when we come to do the press, you should mention that.
...damn. I left my cellphone in the car.
Let me go get my phone, we'll go over the thing again, and then we'll bring the police in.
Am I going to prison?
God, no. Complete accident.
I'm going to make all of this go away. We'll do something for Hathaway's family, of course--but you're not going to prison, Jack.
Relax. I'll be right back.
Left my cell in the car. Stay put, I'll be right back.
What do you think?
It's going to be fine. Stay right here, I'll brief you before I bring the police in.

Put your foot down.

TO BE CONTINUED...